

THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, \$1 per year in advance.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Saturday, Feb. 6, 1909.

It's easy to catch suckers with a line of talk.

Germany is to have a diamond trust. Pity the poor Germans.

Pending arbitration, Winter appears to hesitate about going back on his job.

People who try to stand prosperity are foolish. They should sit down and take it easy.

The sugar trust is now accused by the government of fraud in weight. That's a sweet trick, but it ought to be made a bitter pill for the manipulators.

Tips are to be abolished in Colorado except on sleeping cars. Man is not to be deprived of the innocent pleasure of giving away a fortune in his sleep.

Nat Goodwin has divided his fortune with his new wife. In case trouble follows, this should simplify matters as far as alimony may be concerned.

Our thoughtful and benevolent congressmen are now engaged in the great work of distributing garden seeds among such of their fellow citizens as have either gardens or votes.

A Russian vender who has been selling candy to the pupils in the Los Angeles schools is discovered to be a leper, which fact indicates that there are perils in other foreigners besides the Japanese.

Both Paris and London are discussing the commercial future of the flying machine. It is a safe prophecy that the sporting fraternity will get into aeroplaning some time in advance of commerce.

And now Oregon has joined the trouble making commonwealths on the Pacific coast, with a Japanese exclusion bill. My, but it does take a lot of patience to bring up those western states properly.

The physicians who announce that quinine and whisky won't cure a cold may think they are tipping off a new thing, but most users of the medicine would regard it as a calamity, indeed, if the medicine should prove to be a remedy.

President Roosevelt is beginning to move his belongings out of the White house. The 100th anniversary of the birth of Lincoln would be an opportune time to restore the picture of the martyred president to its place on the wall taken by a lion head placed there at Teddy's order a few years since.

Massachusetts has a law to prevent recklessness and speeding in automobiles, which law may be rendered ridiculous by its wrong punctuation, as it forbids driving, over roads "laid out under the authority of the law recklessly or while under the influence of liquor." Boston, in consequence, is in rhetorical spasms.

Gracious but the editor of the Quincy Herald is in a melancholy mood to say pessimistic frame of mind. Thus he muses: "The neighborliness of old is rapidly passing away. Dishes may be rented from the stores when you have a party and the undertaker furnishes the chairs at a funeral. About the only things that need to be borrowed nowadays are spoons and trouble, neither of which creates friendliness."

He Did Not Advertise.

That threadbare interrogative, "Does Advertising Pay?" is rarely asked any more because there are few men in business, professional or manufacturing circles who do not know that it does pay, and pays in proportion to the amount of space used, the ability in getting up the advertisement, and in the honesty of the firm which is making a bid for trade.

M. Alvarez, the celebrated tenor, has been dismissed suddenly from the personnel of the Paris opera house, much to the surprise of the public at large and himself.

Alvarez has been the star tenor of the opera house for a number of years and he attributes his downfall and sudden culmination of what promised to be a long career of success to his lack of appreciation of the value of self-advertising. In speaking of the matter he said:

"While advertising may be unprofessional, I have been forced to the conclusion by experience that it is

absolute necessary to make a grand and lasting success. When I was engaged by the Metropolitan opera house in New York, my salary for five consecutive seasons was \$20,000 per month. This was a much as Caruso ever got, and yet my reputation beside that of Caruso was not to be compared.

"And why? Because my professional ethics prevented me from employing a suitable press agent to circulate my achievements and ability from the house tops. I made the mistake and am willing to acknowledge it. Advertising does pay in any line of trade, profession or art."

Nothing that goes into a newspaper requires so much skill and preparation as an advertisement. It should touch the vital spot of public desire. It should create a yearning, offer an inducement and give value for value. No bargain should be offered as such unless it is a bargain. A woman once fooled is skeptical ever afterward. Better have a permanent customer at small profits than have that "customer" but one at a big profit.

Frankness, fair dealing and liberal advertising are policies that must win success. They endear the public to the business man who adopts them. A great trade is built from little things, and the road to riches and success lies in the methods which the merchant employs in dealing with the individual customer.

Fees for Inquests.

In the latest volume of opinions handed down by Attorney General William H. Stead, he has set forth plainly that the coroner must collect his fee for holding an inquest from the estate of a deceased person over whom an inquest is held, in case the estate is solvent. It has always been the custom in this and other counties for the greater proportion of the fees to be paid from the county treasury on the order of the board of supervisors. This the attorney general holds to be without warrant of law, unless the board has been satisfactorily shown that the estate of the person deceased is insolvent, and that the \$11 fee for holding an inquest is not collectable. Adams county has never had any fees collected to speak of until within the past four years, during the term of William R. Thomas, the coroner who vacated the office December last. He collected over \$300 during his four years, a sum more than all collections of all coroners since the organization of the county.

The opinion will cause considerable discontent in case it is put into general practice by the county boards. There are many persons who die of apoplexy, heart failure, or other causes which seem to require an inquest under the present construction of the law. With the estates of these persons called on to pay \$11 for the services of the coroner, there will be strenuous objections filed in such cases. The law requires the beneficiaries of all other legal operations to pay the fees required if able, and if not they must be given leave to appear as poor persons, and why it has not applied to the fees of the coroner's office heretofore is not clearly established.

Two Years—114 Laws.

Laws passed by the British parliament, years 1906 and 1907... 114 Laws passed by the congress and state legislatures of the United States, 1906 and 1907... 25,000

These figures were given at a recent dinner in New York. The speaker reminded the diners that the British parliament is not only "vested with legally omnipotent power to govern the vast destinies of the British empire," but legislates as well for the local government in affairs which the congress of the United States cannot manage for the states, and in many cases affairs which not even the state legislatures would think of handling for counties or cities. Yet 114 laws sufficed to govern the empire.

The point which it was desired to make was that in the United States there is vastly more lawmaking than is needed. To begin with, it was said, no legislature can enact so many bills and give adequate attention to each. "I state," said one speaker, "a fact that no candid man would deny, that the laws of this country today are many of them absolutely impossible of enforcement. The enforcement of others would result in widespread disaster to the entire people; and others, while theoretically the will of the people, have long since been repudiated by an enlightened public sentiment."

It was recalled that President Roosevelt, referring to the interstate commerce report in 1908 and to the Sherman anti-trust law, said in substance that the law as construed by the supreme court is such that the business of the country cannot be conducted without violating it.

The plea was for more care in the enactment of laws which may interfere with natural and beneficial tendencies of business.

Passing of the Vanderbilts.

E. H. Harriman, who is understood to represent the Standard Oil company in his railroad operations, has now taken control of the Vanderbilt roads. W. K. Vanderbilt has been pretending to manage the New York Central but he spends most of his time in Europe. The stockholders found that their dividends had declined to 1 per cent and so, they raised a row and Vanderbilt was practically retired. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has neither the taste nor the experience for the railroad business. Cornelius is the only practical man in the family, but he isn't recognized by the rest of them

because he married against their wishes.

And so, little by little, the Vanderbilts have loosened their hold upon the system which the old commodore hoped would pass down to his descendants like the estate in an English family. It is the old adage: "He who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." Harriman is not a man to be contented with second place. He will probably end by a trans-continental system with eastern terminals, both in New York and Boston. Thus, little by little, the money trust is absorbing all other trusts. Back of Harriman is the Standard Oil. He is simply the executive officer of the greatest money trust in the world and the end will be the absorption of our railways by the money power.

Then, perhaps, the people, weary of being robbed, tired of being trodden under foot, will arise in their wrath and take possession of the railroads themselves. It certainly looks as if we are drifting that way.

With hair disordered and unkempt. With looks and dress severely plain; From any charge of style exempt. Shall we ever see thy like again?

Walked ye among thy fellow-men With awkward and ungainly gait; Thou wast in looks most glorious when Holding so firm the helm of state.

Thou' long and hard thy bony hand. It penned the edict grand, that gave Freedom to all throughout the land. Struck every fetter from the slave.

No love had ye for courts and kings. For emptiness and show combined. But sought the excellence that springs From grander domain of the mind.

That furrowed brow and care-worn face Stamped ye as one of high degree. In realm of thought, commanding place, Closely akin to Deity.

Out with the tide of hurrying years Forgotten names go rushing by: Brighter and brighter shine appears— One of the few "not born to die."

With well nigh woman's tenderness; Honest, and simple as a child; Thy memory this day we bless. Our hearts with love for thee beguiled.

While love of liberty shall dwell In freedom-loving patriot breast, Shall sire to son untiring tell How in thy life the world was blest.

Thou' granite shaft should pierce the sky. More fitting monument shall be The love and veneration high In which our hearts are holding thee.

—SAMUEL PARKER.
Chicago, Feb. 5, 1909.

"TELL PUBLIC I'M DEAD."

"I'll Save Trouble," Dramatist G. B. Shaw Told Inquirer After Health. George Bernard Shaw, the dramatist, critic and Socialist, who was to have delivered a lecture the other night in London before the Fabian society, was unable to keep his engagement owing to illness.

In reply to a note inquiring as to the state of his health Mr. Shaw said:

"Inform the public that I am dead. It will save a great deal of trouble."

First Fashion Show.

There will be an international wearing apparel, style and fabric show in Madison Square Garden, New York, from Aug. 14 to 21. Although the manufacture and sale of wearing apparel form the third largest industry of the United States, its members have never held any sort of trade exposition. The object of the annual show is to establish in one spot in New York, Madison Square Garden, a place where every manufacturer and buyer can meet for the inspection, purchase and sale of stock.

Ozonizing Theater Audiences.

Successful experiments have been made at the Royal theater in Stuttgart, Germany, with a new apparatus designed to distribute ozone at fixed intervals throughout the building. The ozone is conducted by small tubes to all parts of the house and turned on, regulated and turned off at will. The result has been excellent, the air being completely purified within a few minutes.

Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alternative tonic is sold under guarantee at all druggists.

Glidden knew better than to take the advice. Once, and once only, had Gladys been spanked. It had happened on a Sunday, and business was bad all the following week, because the child played abominably in spite of all threats. Not until the promise was made that she should not be spanked any more did she appear at her best again.

Glidden only smiled indulgently at Trent's suggestion, but Gladys hated the man for it, and thereafter she selected Jack and Elvia as her special victims.

It did not matter that on the trains they sat at opposite ends of the car. Gladys would discover Trent gazing intently into space and call attention to the fact that he could not keep his eyes off Elvia.

The company laughed at her pert remarks, because they were selfishly glad that Gladys found vent for her love of mischief that did not involve themselves.

Their laughter encouraged the child to fresh endeavors, and since the two victims would not provide her with material for jokes off geying their performance on the stage.

Jack and Elvia were cast for lovers' roles, and it was disconcerting to hear a sibilant "Ah!" as their lips met in a

stage carress. Only in the theater did they see each other now, so Gladys made those stage scenes moments of torture.

Not for a moment did the child relent, and her father only smiled indulgently at Trent's protests and threats to leave. Engagements were not easy to be had in the middle of the season, and Glidden knew that Trent would not take chances with a mother to support.

He had no wish to lose Trent, who was a clever man and worth double what he was getting, but there seemed small danger of his resigning, and it was not an easy matter to control Gladys.

No one read better than the child the true state of affairs, and she made the most of it. More than once Trent made up his mind to leave in the hope that Gladys might then leave Elvia in peace, but Elvia would not hear of it. By suggesting that he would leave her to bear the brunt of the child's enmity she dissuaded him from his purpose.

But the crisis was bound to come. Gladys, with a sense of false security, passed all limit. The favorite play with the public was one of her "angel" parts, and the "big scene" in the last act showed the child at her mother's knee praying that her father, who had been estranged, might return.

He is lurking behind the curtains madly jealous and waiting to kill his wife when the child is put to bed. The native plea wins him to a belief in his wife's innocence.

It was Saturday night, and the little theater was packed to the doors. Elvia and Jack had both been accorded tumultuous welcome, and thus roused the child's professional jealousy.

She was unusually quiet when off the stage, and Trent wondered at her meekness. Just when the big scene was progressing finely and the petition from the child was being read as Gladys never read it before it happened.

COLONEL W. G. GOETHALS



Colonel Goethals, the chief engineer of the Panama canal, whose work President-elect Taft has just inspected.

The Argus Daily Short Story

BY GRACE OF GLADYS - BY CARL WILLIAMS.

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She was the child star, the youthful prodigy of the Little Gladys Dramatic company. What made it worse, her dotting papa was the manager of the show, which played a repertory for a week in the smaller towns, always dramas in which the small star could shine to advantage.

As a stage attraction the child was a wonder. She could play little girls who, like all the good, die young, and she also played rough sourette parts with a dash that made more important managers wish that there were no children's societies in the large cities to prevent her appearance in the big theaters.

Her father, Joe Glidden, had tried the cities, but after half a season he reorganized his old company and took to the small towns, where the child was a favorite and where children's societies were unknown.

There, among old friends, he felt safe once more. He swaggered about as he had done before he knew what it was to regard every stranger approaching the box office as a possible police officer in plain clothes.

Gladys, as though to make up for lost time, became more incorrigible than ever.

Versatility, her precious dramatic gift, she displayed only on the stage. The members of her father's company never were treated to any private displays of the angel children that Gladys played to perfection on the stage.

In private life the child was steadily and consistently a torment. Jack Trent and Elvia Mordant, of her patient support, were her especial victims.

Gladys' sharp eyes had discovered the birth of love even before Elvia was certain of her own feelings and announced that fact to the rest of the company at supper that evening. Her shrill, piping voice, trained to fill a theater, reached to every corner of the dining room, and the gleeful statement that "Miss Mordant is awfully gone on Jack Trent" set the room in a roar.

With flaming face Elvia sprang to her feet and rushed from the room, the laughter of the company and the other guests ringing in her ears long after she had reached her room.

Scalding tears stained her pillow, but she was at last certain that she did love Trent, and, had he only known, he had cause to be grateful to the youngster. Instead he savagely suggested to Joe Glidden that a good spanking would be the salvation of the child.

Glidden knew better than to take the advice. Once, and once only, had Gladys been spanked. It had happened on a Sunday, and business was bad all the following week, because the child played abominably in spite of all threats. Not until the promise was made that she should not be spanked any more did she appear at her best again.

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He had no wish to lose Trent, who was a clever man and worth double what he was getting, but there seemed small danger of his resigning, and it was not an easy matter to control Gladys.

In her white nightdress, with her golden curls framing her earnest baby face, she was an appealing little figure, and as she made her plea that her father might return even men in the audience furtively dried their tears.

"And bring him back and make him good to mamma and me again," pleaded the child. Trent roused himself ready for the spring that should bring him to the center of the stage, his arms round the mother and child, but her next lines were not read. Instead she said slowly and deliberately:

"And please let Mr. Trent marry Miss Mordant so they'll stop being spoony—and—and bring my papa back."

"Tapa" came with a promptness that startled Gladys. Jack knew that the salvation of the scene was to get the curtain down before the audience realized the interpolation and laughed, so with an improvised line he led right into the cue which was the signal for the drop to descend.

But even as the curtain fell there rose a titter that deepened into a laugh, and through the canvas came a shout of merriment as the audience caught the point. Elvia and Jack were so popular that the audience understood the allusion.

As the glitter of the footlights was shut out by the curtain the arm that held Gladys for the stage picture tightened, and, though she struggled to escape, Trent held her fast. A moment later he was administering a spanking that lost nothing through its long delay.

The entire company crowded on the stage and applauded him to fresh efforts, and it was several minutes before even Glidden interfered.

He soothed the child even while he thanked Jack with his eyes for doing what he dared not, and at last her mother led her off, still shrieking, to the dressing room. Glidden turned to Jack.

"I don't blame you. She deserved it," he said briefly. "All the same, I cannot keep you in the company any longer or Gladys will queer the show."

"I know that," was Trent's even reply. "It was worth it, though. I suppose that I can get a chance somewhere after awhile."

Glidden caught his arm.

"Don't be in such a hurry," he admonished. "I was going to suggest that you and Miss Mordant are favorites over this route. Suppose that I send you out at the head of your own show. It would be a money maker, and you can have a bit of the profits."

"I'll see," Miss Mordant promised. Trent rejoicingly as he hurried toward her dressing room. He knew that she would be dressed by this time and could talk to him.

An hour later he tapped on Glidden's door at the hotel. Glidden was still up and answered in person.

"It's all arranged," said Trent briefly. "I'm rather grateful to Gladys."

"I should think you would be," grunted Glidden, for he could read in Trent's eyes that a double question had been asked and answered. Gladys had not prayed in vain.

Suffering and Dollars Saved.

E. S. Loper of Marilla, N. Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It has saved me suffering and dollars. It is by far the best healing salve I have ever found." Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25 cents at all druggists.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second avenue, Rock Island; Gust Schlegel & Son, 220 West Second street, Davenport.

Cured.

"I do dislike to be defeated."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Run for office every chance I get."

"How will that help?"

"I may eventually become used to it."

Out of Date.

The way was long, the wind was cold, The minstrel was infirm and old, And everywhere he got the laugh. All people owned a phonograph.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The man who is on both sides at the same time is due to wake up and find himself by the wayside.

Some people may have a mind, but they somehow don't seem to mind it.

THEY SAY ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS

There are people who, not being able to be anything else, are hopeful.

One of the least satisfying ways of using money, is to use it to pay debts with.

Being fair to your neighbor has nothing in common with boosting yourself.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

FOLLOWING COPY.

Pie and candy,
Plums and cake
Give to boys
The stomach ache,
But the children
On them chew,
Knowing what
The stuff will do.

Though their parents
May protest
And declare
Mamma knows best,
They stuff goodies
By the score,
And they're always
Out for more.

One would think
They'd learn, you say,
That such conduct
Does not pay,
But the kids
Are not to blame
When wise grownups
Do the same.

Is it strange
They're thus inclined
When you come
To bear in mind
The example
That they see
Set for them
By you and me?

A Tip.



Be gracious to your neighbor. He may need your graciousness to hear him in asking for a small loan of you.

At Bargain Rates.

Word comes that a jury at Laporte was "fixed" and made to bring in the right kind of a verdict from the wrong kind of facts for the modest sum of \$12. That is so reasonable that it is like bringing jury fixing within the reach of all.

The crook who has heretofore led an uncertain and precarious life can now bungle and slip forged checks to the unwary to his heart's content, merely taking the precaution to lay aside \$12 for a rainy day and a business jury.

Looking at it from the other side, however, we might well ask, "Where is our vaulted prosperity?"

No juror could grow rich and educate his family for any such sum as that unless he had something like steady work at the job. Still, that might have been bargain day for jurors, and the regular rate may be somewhat higher.

Furnished the Fuel.

"We were caught in a dreadful forest fire," explained the old woodsman, "and barely escaped with our lives."

"Any trees burned?" asked the tenderfoot.

"Trees? Oh, no," exclaimed the woodsman, suppressing the look of disgust on his face. "We brought in coal specially for the occasion."

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